

ON THE EVE OF THE TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,825.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

MR. HAWKER ABOUT TO START ON TRANSATLANTIC TRIP



Painting the white cross on Fermoy Island, Ireland, where, it is hoped, he will land.



Lieut.-Com. Mackenzie-Grieve to make observations.



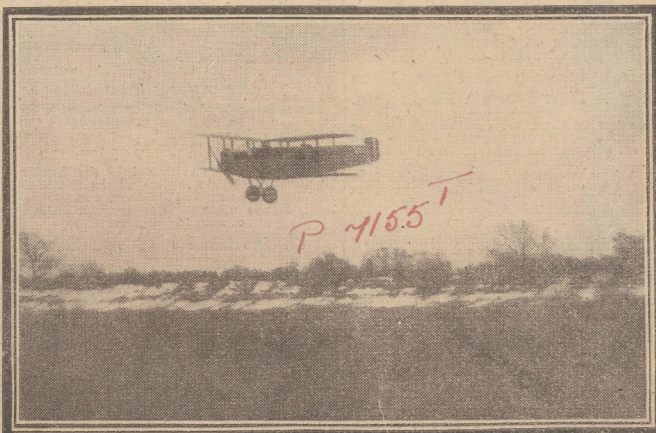
Mr. Harry Hawker. He is among the pioneers.



Mrs. Hawker anxiously seeking news over the telephone yesterday. She knows no more than the public.



Mrs. Hawker at her home, with her baby, yesterday.



Mr. Hawker making his last trial flight in England.

Mr. Harry Hawker, the Australian pioneer airman, is waiting to start. He is at St. John's, Newfoundland, the selected starting-point, waiting for the weather to clear. He was delayed on Saturday by the bad weather, but he made preparations to start

as soon as the conditions became better. His wife spent an anxious afternoon yesterday. Had he started? No one could tell her, though they wanted to know themselves.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

POSTPONED FLIGHT—"TIGER'S" REPARATIONS JOY

PREMIER RETURNS TO-NIGHT.

Reparation and the Saar Questions Settled.

CLEMENCEAU'S GREAT JOY

By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

The Prime Minister returns to London from Paris this evening.

He will attend the meeting of the Cabinet to-morrow, and make his speech on the peace outlook at an early stage of Wednesday's sitting of the House.

It is quite certain that he will not disclose the peace terms until they have been handed to the Germans, but there are many interesting points with which he will be called on to deal.

I shall be greatly surprised if he does not have something to say in reply to his critics at home.

THE INDEMNITY.

In connection with the Prime Minister's reply to the telegram from 370 members of Parliament about the indemnity, Colonel Claude Lowther, M.P., addressed a further telegram to Mr. Lloyd George, saying:—

"May I make clear this fact—that whatever contribution it is decided the enemy countries can pay to-day shall only be accepted as payment on account, and that ways and means and date of further contributions will be devised which law and order are restored, and when the potential assets of Germany can be more easily gauged. Such an assurance would allay all anxiety in the House and all disquietude in the country."

Yesterday the following reply was received from Paris:—

"I am desired by the Prime Minister to assure you, in answer to your telegram, that the experts, while estimating the amount of the indemnity that Germany can pay, will take full account of further possibilities."

PARIS, Sunday.

More than three-fourths of the articles of the Peace Treaty have been drafted, and the work of drafting the articles concerning

Reparation, Indemnities, Future status of the Saar Valley, Left bank of the Rhine and Germany's eastern frontier is now proceeding.

It is hinted that there may be no specific Treaty with the Turkish Empire, which may cease to exist as a separate entity.

REPARATION.

The Echo de Paris says that an important conference was held yesterday between Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau and Emir Feisal, with the object of arriving at a more satisfactory solution respecting Eastern affairs.—Exchange.

The Saar problem is virtually solved. The coal mines revert to France for an indefinite number of years. The coal extracted will form part payment of the indemnity due to France.

M. Clemenceau, speaking to a deputation of the Radical and Socialist group yesterday, said:—

"I have the great joy to-day of being able to announce that the question of reparations is settled between the Allies on the basis desired by this deputation." A similar remark applies to the Saar Basin. These are results which were not attained without serious difficulty.—Wireless Press.

The Temps has reason to believe that in the preamble to the preliminary peace treaty it is stated that the responsibility for the war lies upon Germany will be duly recognised.—Reuter.

FIFTEEN YEARS.

The Liberty says the only outstanding matter is that of the occupation in the Rhineland, which, it is understood, will be some fifteen years. Not a single German soldier will remain on the left bank. On the right bank there will be a military neutral zone of twenty-five miles.—Exchange.

An Exchange message says: In a few days' time the German delegates will be asked to attend to be informed of the preliminary terms of peace.

KIAMIL PASHA HANGED.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sunday.

Sentence has at last been delivered in the case of those responsible for the deportations and massacres in the Yozghad district.

The death penalty was pronounced against the Governor, Kiamil Mahmud Pasha, and he was duly put to death, being publicly hanged in Bayazid Square, Stambul, in the presence of the Military Governor of Constantinople and other high officials.—Reuter's Special.

General Zapata and his generals have been killed in battle.—Exchange message quoting a Mexico City cable.

Saxon War Minister Flung Into River and Shot—Munich's Soviet Overthrown.

RHINELAND OCCUPIED FOR 15 YEARS?

Atlantic Flight.—Mr. Hawker was only deterred from flying the Atlantic yesterday by bad weather. He is ready to start at the first favourable opportunity.

The Peace.—M. Clemenceau yesterday announced his "great joy" at the settlement of reparations and Saar question in the way the French desired. Liberty thinks the Rhineland occupation may extend for fifteen years.

Bavarian Coup.—The Soviet Government in Munich has been overthrown and all its decrees annulled. Saxon War Minister murdered.

RAIN AND MIST STOP MR. HAWKER'S ATTEMPT

Why His Wife Feels Sure He Will Succeed.

It was yesterday morning that news reached the wireless station in the South of Ireland that Mr. Hawker was leaving Newfoundland, but later Reuter telegrams recorded the fall of heavy rain and the statement that the flight had been postponed to noon and then afternoon. Finally Mr. Hawker sent The Daily Mail a cable saying: "Rain. Thick Mist. Obligated postpone flight." Their special correspondent in a cable says:—

Mr. Hawker intends to drop the undercarriage soon after his start, because this part of the machine, to which the landing wheels are attached, slows the aeroplane.

The machine will therefore land without anything to break its fall. This means a slight crash under the most favourable landing conditions, and it would be impossible to attempt a landing in darkness. This is one of the principal reasons why the start must be made at an hour which should allow a daylight finish.

Mr. Hawker and Commander Grieve (his observer) can only sit and wait as calmly as they are able for the moment when their great adventure will begin. It is mainly a question whether that wonderful Rolls-Royce engine can run and keep them in the air for twenty hours, which Mr. Hawker expects the flight to last.

Mr. Hawker will fly at 10,000 feet, and try to maintain a speed of 100 miles an hour. A Reuter's message received last night says: "Mr. Hawker will probably make his attempt to-morrow afternoon. He is now visiting Mr. Rayham, the pilot of the Martinsyde machine, who called and inspected Mr. Hawker's machine yesterday."

Major Wood, with his Short machine for the transatlantic flight, did not arrive at Limerick yesterday as expected, and it is stated that, accordingly, his departure from Eastchurch will not take place before to-day for his proposed transatlantic flight.

"K.A." is the wireless call sign of Mr. Hawker's machine.

GOOD WIND, BAD WEATHER.

The Air Ministry at 4.30 p.m. yesterday stated: Wind conditions are favourable for a rapid passage, but the weather is very unsatisfactory, and a forced landing on the sea would be attended with considerable risk.

In a statement dealing with wind and weather difficulties in the Atlantic they point out that success will depend in a great measure on the choice of a moment when weather conditions are favourable, and that although forecasts are made with the greatest care they cannot be accepted as being infallible. In their choice pilots must rely almost entirely on weather forecasts.

Estimates of the time required for the flight between Newfoundland and Ireland, a distance of 1,935 statute miles, during (a) ordinary, (b) most unfavourable, and (c) most favourable conditions for the months of April, May and June, have been prepared for the benefit of intending competitors.

The following table shows the time required for a machine with an air speed of 100 m.p.h. flying on the direct route in April:—

	West to East.	East to West.
Ordinary conditions	21h.	36h.
Most unfavourable	23h.	47h.
Most favourable	19h.	21h.

"MY HUSBAND WILL WIN."

Mrs. Hawker Tells of Her Own Flying Feats.

"I am as certain as one can be that my husband will come through successfully," said Mrs. Hawker to The Daily Mirror yesterday at her charming home near Surbiton.

"He always thinks things out so carefully that what appears to be extraordinary achievements to others are really the result of careful planning."

"He was the first man to 'roll' in England,

THE ATLANTIC MEN.

The following is the list of entries for the Atlantic race:—

Pilot.	Machine.	Miles P.H.
Captain Fuze	Whitehead	115
Mr. Hawker	Sopwith	100
Mr. Pickles	Fairey	120
Major Wood	Short	95
Mr. Rayham	Martinsyde	100
—	Handley-Page	105
—	Boulton-Paul.	—

There is also Captain Sunstedt, whose machine, a seaplane, was reported some time ago to have been damaged.

and the first to perform a nose-dive. But he knew exactly what he aimed at before attempting either of these feats.

"Of course, he loves flying for the sheer sport of it, and so do I. I've done all the stunts—looping and nose-diving included. I usually take a trip when there is a two-seater available at Brooklands. But I have not done any long-distance flying yet. But perhaps one day I shall succeed in persuading my husband."

"My daughter is really rather clever at persuasion," said Mr. Peaty, who is staying with Mrs. Hawker until the daring pilot has accomplished his great adventure.

"At first," he continued, "Mr. Hawker would not take her up in his machine. In fact, his decision was as adamant, until she threatened to give him no lunch if she were not allowed to fly!"

BOLSHEVISTS 37 MILES FROM SEVASTOPOL.

'Simferopol Taken'—'Red' Offensive for the Spring.

The Bolshevik communiqué for April 11 reports the capture of Simferopol (thirty-seven miles north-east of Sevastopol) and Eupatoria (thirty-eight miles west-north-west of Simferopol). Considerable military booty fell into the hands of the Red Army.—Wireless Press.

A Washington telegram states that official Scandinavian dispatches report that Bolshevik preparations for a spring offensive are progressing.

Helsingfors advices say that Russian munition factories are extraordinarily busy, and workmen refusing to work are threatened with loss of food and some have been executed.—Exchange.

The Bolsheviks are calling to the colours all workmen and peasants born in the years 1886 to 1890 inclusive.—Wireless Press.

ALLIED TROOPS FORESTALL A RED ATTACK.

One-Third of Foe Garrison Killed, Wounded and Taken Prisoners.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

It was learnt that the two small attacks carried out by the enemy on our posts south of Segeja, on April 7, were preliminary reconnaissances to a larger operation.

The main operation was to be the capture of the post by the Bolshevik garrison of Uroszero (twenty miles south of Segeja), the strength of which was about 250.

To forestall these operations General Maynard rapidly moved up a small force of about 150, consisting chiefly of Russians and Slavo-British Legion, with a small proportion of Allied troops, and attacked Uroszero. The attack was completely successful, and the enemy's losses included fifty killed, twenty-five unwounded and ten wounded prisoners.

In addition we captured two 5in. guns, one machine gun, 104 pairs skis, fourteen cases of carbines and large quantities of ammunition, including 7,000 shells.

Our losses were one killed and two wounded.

FRESH OUTBREAKS IN EGYPT.

Street Fighting in Cairo and Alexandria.

MOB ATTACKS TROOPS.

Latest news from Egypt records a recurrence on Saturday of the rioting which occurred earlier in the week at Cairo. The situation is rendered the more serious by the contagion having spread to Alexandria. At both places anti-Armenian disturbances have led to collisions with the troops and the loss of many lives.

CAIRO, Sunday.

The following communiqué was issued to-day:—

"There was further rioting in Cairo yesterday by a mob armed with knives and hatchets. The attacks were chiefly directed against Armenians."

"The police reported that thirty-eight were killed and 100 wounded during the forty-eight hours ending at noon yesterday, the killed including seven Armenians and four Greeks."

"The wounded also include a proportion of Armenians and Greeks. Military measures have been enforced. The night passed off quietly."

"There was a disturbance at Alexandria yesterday, a collision occurring in the morning between troops and rioters in the Karmus quarter, in which three were killed and six wounded seriously."

"An anti-Armenian disturbance took place in the afternoon. The mob persistently attacked the troops, who were obliged to fire, killing seventeen, including a number of ringleaders, and wounding a number of others."

"The public have been warned to be in their houses by eight in the evening. The town was quiet at night time."—Reuter.

In Thursday's messages Reuter records that five British soldiers were murdered, including two unarmed Indians.

The troops, owing to the behaviour of the mob, were compelled to fire. The Kasr el Ain Hospital reported having received twenty-two killed and forty-seven wounded civilians.

SOVIET GOVERNMENT IN MUNICH OVERTHROWN.

General Merker Ordered to Advance Into Brunswick.

BERLIN, Sunday.

A Weimar telegram of today's date says the Soviet Government of Munich has been overthrown by the garrison.

The Bavarian Government has sent Herr Vogel, the deputy for Fuerth, to Munich, entrusted with the entire civil and military authority in Munich.

All decrees of the Soviet Government have been annulled.—Reuter.

Brunswick.—General Merker has been ordered to advance into Brunswick to restore and make safe the communications.—Reuter.

BERLIN, Sunday.

The general strike in Germany is developing more favourably.

In the Ruhr region the number of men willing to work has increased. The number of strikers is more than 160,000, but serious negotiations regarding the resumption of work are proceeding.

In Essen the negotiations led to a resumption of the tramway services.

In Danzig the strike became general. A state of siege was declared.

Owing to negotiations with the State Commissary, August Winnig, the general strike ceased yesterday morning, whereupon the state of siege was raised.—Wireless Press.

TRAGIC FATE OF SAXON WAR MINISTER.

Flung Into Elbe and Shot While Struggling for Life.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.

A Dresden telegram says that the Saxon Minister for War, Herr Neuring, was killed on Saturday morning by disoriented soldiers.—Reuter.

Wounded soldiers from the Dresden hospitals, says a later Reuter message, collected to protest against the order of Herr Neuring that in future wounded soldiers should only receive post-humous pay.

The demonstrators forced their way into the building, seized the War Minister, dragged him out into the street, and finally hurled him from the bridge into the Elbe.

When he tried to swim to the bank the demonstrators fired at him, so that within a few minutes he disappeared under the water.

PETER ROBINSON'S

OXFORD STREET, W. 1

GOLF COATS and SKIRTS



The "JEANETTE."

TAILOR-MADE SKIRT, in a good range of plain and Herringbone Tweeds—also Navy and Black Cheviot. Also in Cream Herringbone Serge ... **52/6**



The "DONEGAL."

USEFUL WOOL COAT for house or general wear, medium weight. Can also be worn without belt. In Purple, Covert, Grey, Saxe, Navy, Nigger, Emerald and Champagne **25/-**

Our New Spring Catalogue will be sent you Post Free on request.



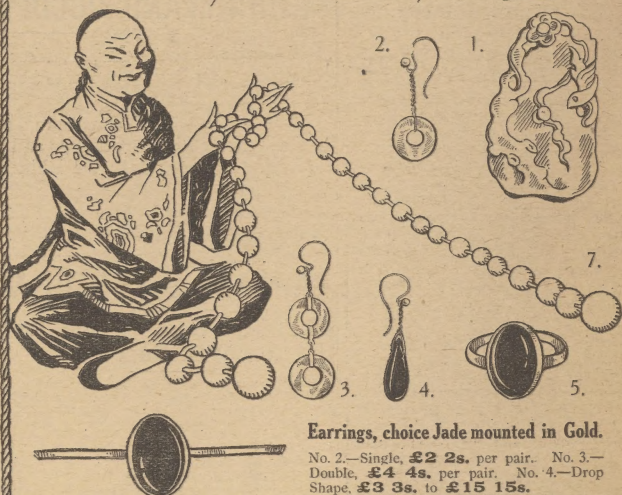
The "HAMILTON."

TAILOR-MADE SKIRT in a variety of Check Tweeds, finished at belt and on pockets with fringe ... **69/6**
Also in Cream Herringbone Serge ... **59/6**

Peter Robinson, Ltd., Oxford Street, W. 1

Derry & Toms

Having just imported an exceptionally and unique collection of *Rare Chinese Jade* are offering this Gem of Gems at about *One Half Usual Prices* Jade "The Symbol of Virtue" is Fashions premier Jewel



Earrings, choice Jade mounted in Gold.

No. 2.—Single, **£2 2s.** per pair. No. 3.—Double, **£4 4s.** per pair. No. 4.—Drop Shape, **£3 3s.** to **£15 15s.**

All illustrations are half actual size.

No. 6.—Fine Single Stone Brooch **£3 3**

No. 5.—Fine Single Stone Jade Ring, mounted in gold, exact size of sketch ... **£3 3**

No. 1.—Pendants, Fine Jade, beautifully carved ... **£8 to £50**
Exact size of illustration. No two designs quite alike.

No. 7.—Lovely Jade Necklaces, 40 inches long, composed of 108 equal sized beads, each bead the exact size of the end beads in the illustration... **£15 to £150**

Derry & Toms, Kensington High Street, W. 8.

Gorringses

Fashionable Holiday Wear.



All Catalogues now ready. Post free.

A Maids' Ribbed Woollen JUMPER, with breast pocket, sailor collar, Raglan sleeves, bordered with contrasting colour on collar, cuffs and (as shown in sketch). This is a garment of great utility for young ladies. Navy-Pink, Saxe-Fawn, Navy-White, Saxe-Silver, Rose-Silver. PRICE **39/6**

SILK ROBE DEPT. GROUND FLOOR.

S.R. 373.—Smart ROBE of silk and Wool Bengaline. The Bodice is cut on the raw crossover style with dress clinging on collar, b darts and cuffs. Skirt is smartly cut with loose hanging pl. at. In shades of Cream, Fawn, Saxe, Brown, Plum, Grey, Bottle, Navy; also in Black. **89/6**



"SYBIL" (Golfers Dept.)

Brushed JERSEYS of a new shape in jumper style with the fashionable V neck of maids' wear. These have inset sleeves, slash at wrist, two pockets effectively outlined contrasting colours. A most useful garment for sports and holiday wear, up to date in every way. Rose-Grey, Gold-White, Sand-Saxe, Rose-Putty, Gold-Silk, Saxe-Champagne, Saxe-Purple, Purple-Grey. PRICE **39/6**

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1

Have your Costume Made-to-Measure



Non-Tailored Costumes on Easy Terms from 63/- to measure

Supplied on first payment of 8/-. Balance 8/-. monthly.

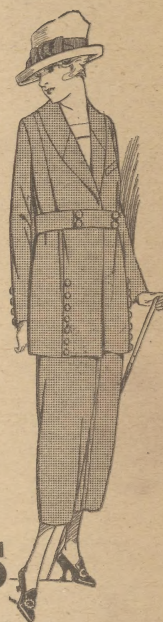
Fashionable High-Grade Cloths Cut in distinctive West-End style, with superior workmanship and finish.

Call at any of our Establishments for free Patterns and Fashion Booklet, and judge for yourself the value we are giving; or write and they will be sent FREE, together with our simple self-measurement form.

2/- in the £ discount if you pay CASH.

BENSONS
TAILORS

57, EDGWARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch)
120, STRAND, W.C. (opposite Gaiety Theatre)
69, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (corner of Queen Street)
84, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (opp. Holborn Place)
122, FENCHURCH ST., E.C. (opp. Regd. Lane)
26, GOLDEN SQUARE, W. (near Shepherd's Bush)
71, 73, 75, CAMDEN RD., CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.
Benson & Co., Ltd. Estd. 1865.



YOUR OWN DESIGN COPIED IF PREFERRED.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1919.

THE FLIGHT.

A STRANGE Easter week!—the peace still deferred and in doubt; new wars actual or probable; uncertainty everywhere, national, financial, industrial, social.

This on the surface of shell-torn Mother Earth. And above, in the air, also as a possibility, the Atlantic flight. . . .

We may take it as one more illustration of a discrepancy between our power of inventing mechanically, and our ability to settle morally. For we are supposing, with the best hopes, that the Atlantic flight will be achieved.

And we are not supposing, pessimistically, that, at the same moment, Europe may pass into further confusion: we suggest it only as a prospect to be guarded against, if possible. And here is the discrepancy, the dissociation: we cannot guard against confusion by flying the Atlantic. The two spheres don't penetrate.

For many years they have conflicted, in fact.

As we have travelled faster, we have grown more uneasy and unsettled. The temptation to bustle involves the disposition to change. Yes, perhaps after all the cross-Atlantic aeroplane and the revolutionary movements everywhere following the steel-age and high-explosive war do indeed touch and mix and influence one another! Perhaps the faster we go and the higher we fly physically, the more we shall fight and the lower we shall creep morally. Perhaps . . . but we must not depress our aeroplane hopes by these previsions.

It is enough to say that "elevation" moral and physical do not go together, though the fact of physical speed influences the moral world.

It is, anyhow, too late to change. The machines cannot be shut up in glass cases as they were in "Erewhon." Some of us regret it. Some of us suppose that with Sedan Chairs about again you would have no strikes—that there would be no Bolsheviks travelling in stage coaches. W. M.

BY-ELECTIONS.

WE like to "wait and see" what all the politicians and publicists are going to say about a by-election.

The week-end rewarded our patience by resounding with explanations of Hull—the usual explanations.

And what are they?

Every man who didn't get in at the election or hasn't yet got his grievance settled; every man who hopes; every man angry cries: "This is retribution! This proves I was right!"

The Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of Gobbling amongst the Sloweaters thinks—amongst others—that Hull means the Government are being punished because they broke their pledge to him.

Let him think it. It does him good. The world wants happiness.

But suppose the Government—any Government—had won?

Then the Secretary for the Suppression of Cannibalism—or any Secretary—would have said: "It means nothing! It proves nothing! My people didn't vote."

So with most by-elections. . . . W. M.

EVENTAIL.

Lovely Semiramia
Closes her slanting eyes,
Dead is the lion ago,
From her fan dropping slow
Furrow-bright fire's feathers
Gilded as June weathers,
Plumes bright and abill as grass
Twinkle down; as they pass
Through the green shades in Hell
(Fruits with a tuncful smell)
Nubian faces stir
Pursing mouth, slanting eye,
Feel the Arabian
Winds floating from that fan.
See how each gilded face
Paler grows, colder space
Oh, the fan's blowing
Cold winds. . . . It is snowing!
—EDITH STIWELL.

HOW GREAT BUDGETS ARE PREPARED.

CHANCELLORS' PERSONALITIES IN "COMPOSITE" STRUCTURES.

BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

IF you pay a visit to the House of Commons during the first three months of the session you will probably scan the Treasury Bench in vain for the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is not that he is an idle absentee. If you could peep into his room at the Treasury you would find him there. For morning, afternoon and evening, with little or no break for meals, the custodian of the National Purse is engrossed in the almost overwhelming problem of finding "ways and means" of meeting our financial obligations.

But the preparation of a Budget is not a task that can be squeezed into the last three months of a financial year. It is a long and laborious business. Every year in these times of ever-increasing imposts new fields of revenue have to be explored, detailed reports

for introducing a little delicate wit in his Budget speech and thus providing a few light touches to a long and bewildering figure-story.

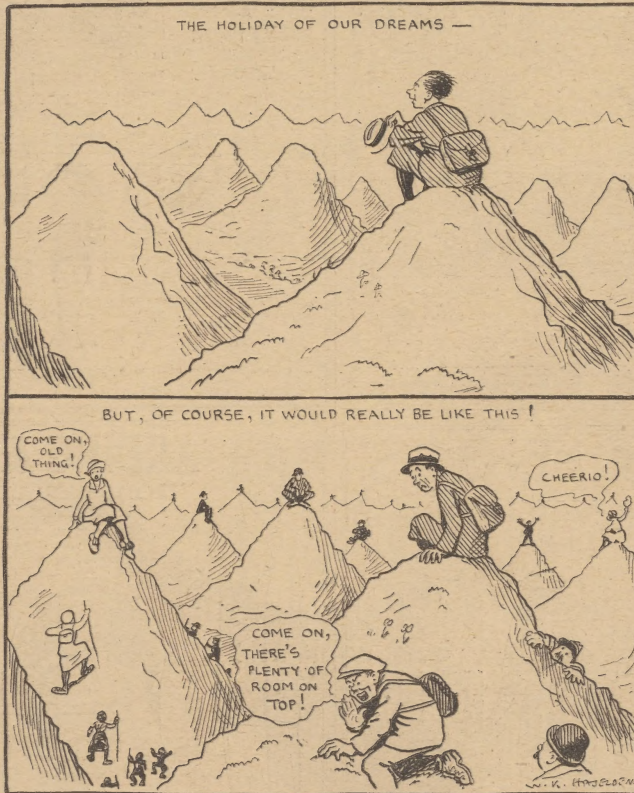
I have said that all forms of revenue are closely watched and investigations as to their taxability made by our authorities. But inquiries are not restricted to the British Isles. When experiments are made in foreign countries reports are ordered by the British Treasury. It is an open secret that our Chancellor closely studied the incidence of the luxury tax in France last year. It is also common property that Mr. Austen Chamberlain has his monocled eye on the bachelor tax proposals in Italy.

BEFORE THE CABINET.

At the moment of writing I doubt whether the Budget has yet been before the Cabinet in draft. That is the stage which follows the final deliberations between the Chancellor and his advisers on the one hand and the financial and industrial authorities on the other.

The length of time occupied in consideration of the Budget by the Cabinet is usually

THIS WEEK'S "QUIET HOLIDAY" FOR EASTER.



Doctors tell us quiet is especially needed this year. Yes—but how to get it? The same idea always comes to everybody, and the result is that everybody is everywhere.—(By W. K. Hasselden.)

prepared upon them by committees of experts, constant consultations held with leaders of industry and commerce and such famous banking experts as Lord Cunliffe, Sir Edward Holden and Sir Robert Kindersley called in for advice as to the soundness of the projected levies.

For no Chancellor dare take a leap in the dark. A Budget is a matter of life and death to commerce, and since the last thing, of course, he wants to do is "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs," infinite care has to be taken to see that in taxing particular industries he does not tax them out of existence.

And while month after month the Treasury microscope is brought to bear on taxable commodities, hundreds of suggestions from amateur budgeteers are pouring into the postbags at Whitehall.

"Possibles" and "impossibles" are sorted out, and the former carefully considered from the point of view of their practicability and in the light of the needs of industry.

Of course, there is a large percentage of the weird and comic in the correspondence, incidentally providing the Chancellor with mate-

rial for introducing a little delicate wit in his Budget speech and thus providing a few light touches to a long and bewildering figure-story.

I have said that all forms of revenue are closely watched and investigations as to their taxability made by our authorities. But inquiries are not restricted to the British Isles. When experiments are made in foreign countries reports are ordered by the British Treasury. It is an open secret that our Chancellor closely studied the incidence of the luxury tax in France last year. It is also common property that Mr. Austen Chamberlain has his monocled eye on the bachelor tax proposals in Italy.

There are many Budgets which bear the impress of the personality of the Chancellor. Let me give three concrete cases. The famous 1909-10 Budget was remarkable for Mr. Lloyd George's land taxes. The 1908 Budget remains notable for Sir William Harcourt's death duties. Mr. Asquith's second Budget is remembered as his first attempt to differentiate between earned and unearned income. The coming Budget may go down the ages as the Chamberlain Budget which taxed bachelors.

E. A. J.

"TAX EVERYBODY!"

HOW TO BROADEN THE BASIS OF REVENUE IN THE COMING YEARS.

INCOME TAX.

WHY not income tax for everybody—everybody who earns anything?

Even a penny is something. The boy with a penny a week could sign over a penny stamp once a week.

That would help to "broaden the basis" as desired. — E. T.

THOSE WHO HAVE NOT SUFFERED.

IF the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants a fresh source of revenue let him tax those who have not suffered by this war.

There are thousands of families where the sons have been too young to serve, and thousands of others who have actually benefited by the war.

Why should these quietly reap the harvest of the millions who have died in agony that they might live?

Why should widows sacrifice their only sons while other families remain intact and untouched?

Gratitude to their preservers is not to be expected from these people, who would dance over the graves of the young and chivalrous with a ghastly complacency; but they should be compelled to remember in some way that the greatest war in history has been fought and won, though not by them.

Would that the ghosts of the gallant dead, "ten thousand times ten thousand," could rise up and confront them and give them pause in their callous selfishness. Tears are anathema to them—other people's tears, so long as they have escaped catastrophe it is well.

Let there be a census taken of the war-free and let them be taxed according to the number of their sons unscathed and their other benefits. The Government was ready enough to register and rope in our boys for the slaughter; let them lay hands financially upon the boys younger yet, lest they forget the debt that they owe to their dead brothers, trained to chivalry and honour, who answered the call.

A DEAD BOY'S MOTHER.

A SCHOOLBOY'S VIEW.

COMPULSORY long engagements!

Horror!

I know nothing more likely to annoy the families on both sides.

When my sisters were engaged it was awful—the "spooning" and waste of time.

I suggest no engagements at all.

SCHOOLBOY GOOSEBERRY.

CONCRETE HOUSES.

WILL you permit me to say how entirely I am with Mr. T. J. Clark in his recent letter, when he says that to dump down in some of our beautiful districts ugly, inappropriate and antipathetic houses, would be sacrilege. But we need houses, and need them quickly, and since it appears improbable that bricks and labour will be plentiful in the near future, why not give the concrete house a chance?

I know that concrete is not usually regarded by the artistically minded as especially beautiful, but that is due to want of knowledge. I myself have seen concrete surfaces rich in colour and fine in texture—both colour and texture being those of the "aggregate" which is exposed by very simple means, and which could be chosen from local material with a view to harmony with the surroundings.

As to the design of the house, its beauty is only limited by the ability of the designer; and there is, therefore, no reason why a concrete house should not be as beautiful and as suitable to the locality as a house constructed of brick or stone or, indeed, any other material.

Ainger-road, Hampstead. H. S. RUGGLES.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Welcoming Spring.—Let us enjoy the spring by all means. But let us avoid public ceremonial. Anything of the sort would resolve itself into "mafficking." And of that we have had quite enough.—M. L. E.

The Plague and the Doctors.—The doctors are the same now as they were in the days of Molière—they have a few recipes for every malady. They cannot prevent any malady. Why, they cannot even get us to keep from the continual colds and catarrh that oppress us throughout the winter in this trying climate of ours.—C. P.

His Simple Duty.—Why so much argument? The duty of the Chancellor is quite clear. "Tax anybody and anything so long as I do not have to pay." That is the creed of most tax-payers.—ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

The Bachelor Tax.—I for one will pay a tax willingly for the privilege of remaining free, and in not a "woman-hater," but I have studied the modern girls, and their ignorance in regard to a wife's duties makes the prospect of double harness a nightmare. The womanly woman grows scarcer every day, and while women adopt the present attitude of scorn towards domestic work, so will wise men remain bachelors and pay the tax with a smile!—E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Men have at last perceived that the only permanent thing in the world is the right, and that a wrong settlement is bound to be a temporary settlement—for the very best reason of all—that it ought to be a temporary settlement, and the spirits of men will rebel against it, the spirits of men which are now in the saddle.—President Wilson.

GERMANY TURNS ON THE "ZEPP."

HUN NAVAL CRITIC DESCRIBES ITS FAILURE.

By ARTHUR WILLIS.

The author quotes from a recent pamphlet of Captain Persius, the German writer, who describes the Zeppelin as a gross failure.

As long as memory lasts there are few of us in London or in Paris who will hear the word "Gotha" without a thrill.

The Zepp, on the other hand, will be remembered as something almost ludicrous—a clumsy monster descending in a ball of fire at Cuffley or drifting about helplessly over the Channel or Mediterranean.

What caused the failure of this war weapon which was to bring England to her knees?

The most outspoken of German naval critics, Captain Persius, has just told of the Zeppelin fiasco in a pamphlet recently published in Germany, and he gives some interesting items of secret Zeppelin history.

"We used to hear a great deal of the wonderful results that the Zeppelin campaign was to bring us," says Persius, "but towards the end of the war, as one airship after another was lost, and the attacks on England were abandoned, criticisms of their practicability began to be heard."

"The Pan-Germans tried to make us believe that the cessation of Zeppelin activities was due to reasons of humanity. This was all nonsense, of course."

THE FATE OF L 19.

"Even the official records of airship losses were high—according to my information, derived from unimpeachable authorities, twenty-six airships were burnt up to the summer of 1918 alone, half of this number in their sheds, not by any effort on the enemy's part. A similar number were lost up to the same period by their being driven away owing to their motors having broken down."

Captain Persius gives several instances of airship losses from these causes—notably that of the L 19 in February, 1916. He quotes the letter, written by the commander of this Zeppelin, which was found in a bottle washed ashore: "With fifteen men on the L 19, drifting out at sea, the gasbag still afloat. Our motors broke down three times."

What happened to the "Zepps" when they returned, like winged pigeons, from their attacks on England?

Captain Persius tells us of the first aid treatment they had to receive. "When our airships were brought back with the greatest difficulty from their exploits against England they were often obliged to lie useless at Tondern, Northolt and other places, because their motors had either to be entirely replaced or, at any rate, their most important parts repaired."

Persius is the first German we have met who openly acknowledges that London was not a fortified city when first attacked by aircraft.

WHAT THE MOTOR MAKERS SAY.

"It is well known that when the question was raised at General Headquarters as to whether the airship weapon should be used in an unrestricted form, i.e., against unfortified cities like London—for London was really quite unfortified—many experts, like Herr von Lyncker, raised their voices in warning."

Von Lyncker was dismissed. His advice, like that of other experts, was unheeded. Of airship exploits against England produced no results of military importance—and politically they did us a good deal of harm."

Captain Persius' criticisms have not been allowed to pass unchallenged.

The Maybach Motor Co. (which, according to Persius, was responsible for these faulty motors) has published a brochure called "Zeppelins," the Maybach Motor and Persius, in which the directors indignantly deny that the Zeppelin was a failure—giving us some wonderful statistics regarding its exploits.

We read that the L 59, for example, flew to German East Africa and back with munitions and medicines—7,000 kilometres, with a load of fifteen tons!

Testimonials are also given—in the form we generally associate with a hair restorer rather than a Zeppelin.

Here are a few extracts: "Your 260-h.p. Maybach motor ran wonderfully in all weather conditions." "No praise is too high for the M.M." etc. This somewhat partial evidence is not very convincing.

As a means of transport and for scouting purposes the German airship did well enough—but even the German people must agree with Captain Persius—as an attacking war-weapon the "Zepp" was a failure!

THE MORAL SUPPORT OF NEW SHOES.

AN OPEN CONFESSION FROM ONE WHO BOUGHT THEM.

By "PHILLIDA."

WHEN first I saw them I averted my gaze, disdaining their advances. It was better I knew that we should meet as strangers.

I determined to "cut" them on the way home.

Next morning I was ten minutes late at the office. That night, in order to avoid them, I travelled homewards by a circuitous route—and spent a restless evening.

Alas! on the third day my defences were broken down; I capitulated and surrendered unconditionally to their seductive charms.

At lunch time we became acquainted with a promise of future intimacy. On their soft and clinging charms I cannot dwell, nor on their undoubted elegance and durability as expounded to me by the artist who exploited them. I knew that they must be mine.

In a moment of weakness my thoughts turned to my book of War Savings Certificates. The vision, however, of my long suffering dentist rose before me, and my conscience and I had a nasty ten-minute.

I renounced them.

On pay day I took a taxi, fearful lest other feet should claim them. They now belong to me in all their glory of cut and finish, comfort and "line"—and cunningly-devised laces.

I find myself treading on air—and my daily expenses doubled. I do my best to live up

to them, and try not to disgrace them. They positively hustle me past the modest restaurant and pause contemptuously on the threshold of a third-class compartment. I, blushing, board a first.

They "jazz" me past barrel-organs and guide my footsteps towards jazz teas. Should I have other plans for a spring afternoon connected with a country walk, they stiffen visibly.

Never before have I realised the feeling of conscious superiority that a pair of new shoes gives.

There was a time when my ideas of perfect happiness were centred round a chinchilla coat. Later, had anyone asked me my chief ambition, I should unhesitatingly have replied, "To have twelve of everything all at once." Now, when my Fairy Godmother approaches me I shall demand "a pair of new shoes every day."

My new shoes make me feel good. They act as a stimulant. They alter my mode of life; my conversation.

When wearing them I am conscious of saying witty, brilliant things. It's not I, it is my shoes.

I no longer shuffle, but adopt a regal, "Tango" walk, and find myself striking graceful easy attitudes.

I dart an eagle eye at the footwear of unsuspecting people, and so judge them. There is more character to be found in a pair of shoes than in a head full of bumps or an egg-shaped face.

I regard that three guineas as well spent. The amount of moral courage afforded by those shoes would have been cheap at any price.



A GERMAN "ARCHIE."—A German anti-aircraft gun near Cologne. The children like to pretend they are firing it.—(Official photograph.)

NOVEL REFORM—WANTED, HANDIER BOOKS

A PLEA FOR SMALLER VOLUMES IN PAPER BINDINGS.

By CHARLES P. SISLEY.

A FORTNIGHT spent on my book in a hospital has convinced me that the average British-made book is an unwieldy, unyielding, uncomfortable thing to read in bed.

It is nearly as awkward to handle anywhere else; it does not open out and keep open with ease, as a good book should.

Why is it?

We are first-rate printers—probably the third best in the world—but as a rule when we come to the production and binding of a new volume we spoil everything by thickness and clumsiness.

A publisher who was making a valiant effort to produce new books of handy and readable size and shape told me he was obliged to abandon the idea in very quick time. It was killed by the average novel reader.

His books, offered in suitable format, such as discriminating lovers of "belles lettres" look for, were ruthlessly turned down by librarians.

"We couldn't send out things like those to our clients," he was told. "What they want are volumes that turn the scale at about a pound avoirdupois and are quite two inches thick. Your covers, too, though perhaps tasteful, are useless."

So my friend had to fall into the rut, and now turns out his new books "by the pound," as everyone else has to do.

There seems also to be an uncontrollable

mania for binding the commonest, most worthless productions in cloth. I have seen some horrible examples lately sent out for the use of the troops.

Surely the main reason for a cloth cover is to preserve what it encloses, but the mercenary trash vilely printed on the coarsest repulped paper could never, by any stretch of imagination, be worth a better fate than the rubbish heap, and that at the earliest possible moment.

I never could understand why the majority of new books published do not appear in paper bindings.

The French, the Germans, the Spanish and the Italians never dream of launching new untitled works in elaborately decorated or gilded heavy cloth covers, nor do they seek to give undue bulk to such volumes.

And they are wise, I think.

It is quite time enough for special bindings, when a work has become an established favourite—if not a possible "classic."

A publisher once told me that at least half the outlay on producing a new novel was in the cloth cover.

Is it needed? Without it now books should reach the public at half their present price.

Besides being cheaper, they would be more pleasant to handle and read.

Then that comparatively rare thing—the book that one feels could be read again with pleasure, that one would like to live with as a companion, can easily be bound in whatever style—cloth, vellum, morocco or what not—just as one thinks appropriate.

It can be bound uniformly with other treasured books in one's library, and inside one may paste with pride one's own particular book-plate.

REAL HOLIDAY GOLF THIS EASTER.

BACK TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF PEACE AND PLENTY.

By LEIGH D. BROWNLEE.

THE end of this week will see thousands of keen golfers back on the links. Mr. Brownlee describes what one of them intends to do:

DURING the next few days thousands of stalwart souls will be delving in drawer and cupboard for garments of holiday hue and pattern, what time they polish putter, clock and masher.

Of this band Smith trusts to be a humble member, for at Eastertide he would a golfing go.

Brown found him club-cleaning last night. He had just reached the third layer of pre-war, per-war and post-war rust.

"Golf?" Brown queried frowningly.

"Why not?" Smith parried.

"Not for yours!" Brown retorted firmly. "The last time—spring of 1918—I carried golf clubs through London streets I knew myself to be the most despicable scoundrel on earth."

"Five fierce females told me I ought to be ashamed of myself, seven old gentlemen spoke of me in terms which were undoubtedly actionable, while in the Tube a white-bearded, elderly buffer with difficulty restrained himself from striking me."

"In the Tube lift I was so badly hustled that when I got out I tumbled straight into a taxi and drove back to my hotel in a state of nervous prostration."

CAMOUFLAGE IF NECESSARY.

When I mention that Brown's experience took place on a rare leave during four years of fighting in five theatres of war, the story is not without a certain piquancy.

"But that's all dead and buried now," objected Smith. "Everyone's playing."

"I have been 'demobbed' just three months," interrupted Brown grimly, "and so far I've not seen a single soul carrying a set of golf clubs in London streets or vehicles."

"I'll swear that if I were to lug my sticks about the West End to-morrow some busybody would ask me why I wasn't reconstructing trade or building up industry or staying in the Army to release a better man."

No—somewhere about 1925, when this passion for righteousness in others has died down a bit, I'll think about golf again. Till then I'll keep a grip on myself and stick to halma."

Brown notwithstanding, Smith means to risk it. If necessary, he will go away in a morning coat and silk hat, his golfing garments in a trunk of archidiaconal solemnity, his clubs in a packing-case labelled "Traveler's samples."

And if money can command it he will have a reserved, double-locked, blind-shrouded compartment, and somewhere between Waterloo and Slough on the Sand a highly-respectable City gentleman will change into one of those dastardly divot-diggers who came near causing us to lose the war.

TAKING IT EASILY.

Wind, weather and circumstances permitting, Smith will have four days' restrained golf. "Restrained" is deliberate. A single in the morning, an easy-going foursome in the afternoon—that is his ambition.

No tearing, three-round, four-round days for Smith. Much of that pre-war suppleness is no longer his. He also now is among the "slow-benders."

He will walk leisurely and play leisurely. For him no frantic dash from tee to green. If strenuous souls drive into him, so be it; with the inextinguishable bonhomie of a man enjoying his first golfing holiday since 1914 Smith will let them through.

Nor shall the iron shot of the irresponsible flapper, as it whizzes o'er the green on which he seeks to putt, put a damper on his Easter-tide gaiety.

Smith's is to be holiday golf—the sort of stuff where style and strokes don't count, and lunch looms large when the "turn" is reached. Grip stance a-m'wing, for once, are off the map.

No competitions for Smith. Medal play seems worse than maroons; rather than compete against bogey he would yield up his ration book, while the sight of a score card would produce symptoms of shell-shock.

Smith is out to hit a small white sphere with a lump of wood or iron. Occasionally he will hit it. Occasionally he will create that state of affairs most abhorrent to nature.

Incidentally, he is going to imbibe uncontrolled ozone, loosen his C 3 muscles, and fool himself into believing that we are back in the good old days of peace and plenty.

COMING TO LONDON



Mme. Karsavina, who is returning to London about the end of this month, will dance at the Alhambra during the Russian ballet season there. It promises to be one of the brilliant events of the coming London season.



ARMY BOXING CUP.—Major-General 'Solly' Flood, C.B., D.S.O., hands the East Lancs boxing cup to Lieutenant-Colonel Gresham, who accepted it on behalf of the 7th Manchester Regiment. Colonel Gresham took the men to the front.

THEY LIKE THEIR BATHE.



Austrian prisoners bathing in one of the old Roman baths at Caldina, near Verona, Italy, under guard. They must remain in captivity until peace is signed.

HOW MOTOR-BOATS I



They must have irritated the pilots beyond



WOMEN'S FIRST VOTE.—Miss Mair, president of the Edinburgh National Society for Women's Suffrage, planting a hawthorn tree in Princes Street Gardens to commemorate the granting of votes for women.



STAGE WEDDING.—M. Sacha Guitry, the actor, and Mlle. Yvonne Vignolle, who is better known by her stage name, Yvonne Printemps, were married in Paris. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was one of the witnesses.



VEST AND PARASOL.—A braided vest of blue English linen with scroll design and navy blue braid. The parasol is also of blue, and, being short, is very convenient to carry. The design is a new one. The hat is of rough straw.



PALM SUNDAY AT WESTMINSTER.—Cardinal Bourne conducting service on the steps of the Cathedral yesterday. The churches were filled with devout congregations.

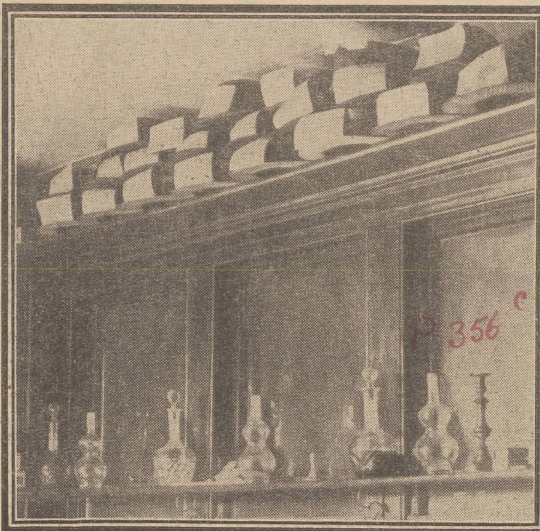


The craft was at A when she was at B when it hit t



SATIN BATHING SUIT!—American dresses, and this one is black. Care must be

HAS NOT RETIRED.



Hats that still remain. Some, unfortunately, will never be claimed.



WAR WORK. — Lady Dorothy D'Oyly Carte, Lord Cranbrook's aunt, who worked at the Aircraft Production Department.



A NEW PART. Miss Joyce Carey, daughter of Miss Lillian Braithwaite, to play lead in "Nothing but the Truth."



Captain Clough receiving his hat.

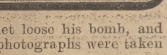
When a number of Selby men joined up they left their civilian hats at a local hotel on condition that they could be reclaimed after the war. They were all carefully labelled and put in storage.



Admiral Sir David Beatty, who was stated by a Sunday paper to have retired. This is not the case. He is at the moment unemployed, and is therefore on half-pay, according to regulations. A story will be found on page 2.



SCOTTISH CHILDREN WITH IRISH NAMES. — Mr. McPherson, the Irish Secretary, with his little girl, who bears the Celtic name Fiona. The baby daughter, just born, has been christened Patricia in honour of her having been born in Ireland.



A SPORTS SUIT.—What an American firm calls an "up-to-the-minute" suit. It is of green and white silk and is worn with a black velvet coat bound with braid. The silk hat is interwoven with ribbon and heavy floss.



making silk "bathing
facings and cap to match.
get it wet!



MASCOT KICKS OFF.—Little Maisie, the mascot of the Ladies' Sterling F.C., sets the ball rolling in the match against the Handley-Page Aircraft girls, at Ilford on Saturday. She required some assistance

HERCULES

Coat Frock Overalls

are Stylish, Comfortable & Serviceable



They are made of Joshua Hoyle & Sons' **Hercules**, "the tested cloth." They will stand any amount of washing, as the colours are absolutely fast and the material simply defies wear.

We stock Hercules Coat Frock Overalls in various styles, with and without sleeves, and every one we sell carries the makers' guarantee.

If it is unsatisfactory in wash or wear we will at once replace it with another **FREE OF CHARGE**.

These Overalls cannot be sent on approval. Remittance (10/- Treasury Note or Postal Order) must accompany all orders. Cash refunded if goods not approved.

HERCULES COAT FROCK OVERALLS.
As sketch, in plain colours of Navy, Saxe, Butcher, Olive Green, Coral Pink, Golden Brown, Champagne and Quaker Grey. Navy and White, Saxe and White, Striped or Check Navy, Saxe or Black ground with White pin spot. **10/-** post free.

Outsize, 12/6.

MARSHALL ROBERTS, Ltd.
Camden Town, London, N.W.1.

(Opposite Camden Town Tube Station, five minutes from Tottenham Court Road.)
Closing Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed. & Fri. 7 o'clock.
Thurs., 1 o'clock.
Open Until 8 o'clock on Saturdays.

The "Nobility" Regd.

HIGH-CLASS WATERPROOFS

are superior in every respect to all others. Perfect fitting, absolutely waterproof, stylish and thoroughly reliable, they are **IDEAL FOR HOLIDAY USE.**



Our Showrooms provide exceptional interest by reason of our large and varied stock in all the Newest Designs and Latest Colourings at prices ranging from

3 gns. to 6 gns.

Sole Manufacturers—
EXPRESS RUBBER CO. Ltd.
435-437, OXFORD STREET,
(Facing Selfridges.) LONDON, W.1.



The full figure made attractive

If you are stout, but wish not to appear so, W.B. Reduso Corsets will positively achieve this purpose. It is the one perfect corset for every type of stout figure and positively gives the appearance of having lost weight. It is superior to the so-called "made-to-order" stout corset, because it is free from all harness-like adjustments which encumber, but do not reduce.

PROCURABLE AT ALL LEADING DRAPERS.

Write to-day for Illustrated Booklet and name of nearest Agent, sent Free upon request to **W.B. CORSETS**, Dept. M., 23, London Wall, London, E.C.2.

W.B. Reduso

CORSETS

THE QUALITY VOILE FOR 1919



There are other good Voiles to be obtained, but there is nothing to equal "Voile Iris." It stands in a class by itself. "VOILE IRIS" is admirably adapted for making up dainty Blouses, Frocks and Underwear, for it wears and washes well, while in the matter of texture it is exceptionally soft and attractive.

40 inches wide. OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING DRAPERS
3/11 per yard

If any difficulty write COURTAULDS, LIMITED (Dept. 30), Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2. You will receive by return a small range of patterns and the names of drapers who can supply.

DO YOU LIKE DETECTIVE STORIES?

THE LOST MR. LINTHWAITE,

By J. S. FLETCHER,

IS ONE OF THE BEST EVER WRITTEN.

Find the Key to the Mystery IN THE LONDON

Daily Express

A paper for people who think.

OPENING CHAPTER COMMENCES ON WEDNESDAY.

GIVE THE ORDER FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To Mr. Newsagent.

Please deliver daily until further notice the London

Daily Express

(Signed) M.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

DELPHI. "THE BOY." W. H. BERRY. To-night, at 8. Mats, Weds and Sat., at 2.
AMBASSADORS. LEE WHITE in new show "US." Every Evening, 8.30. Mats, Tues, Sat, 2.45.
APOLLO. Gerr. 3243. Evenings, at 8. Mat, Tues, Fri, Sat, Easter Mon, 2.30. OIL JOY! New Musical Play.
BEECHAM OPERA SEASON. Drury Lane—To-night, 7.30. "Louise." Tues, 7.15. "Tristan and Isolde."
COMEDY. Evenings, at 8.15. "TAILS UP." Musical Entertainment. Matinee, Mon, Fri, Sat, 2.30.
COURT. Sat next. Ever, 7.45. Easter Mon, 2.15. School for Scandal. Twelfth Night.
CRITERION. Evgs, 8.30. "OUR MR. HEPPLEWHITE." Mary Moore, A. Womner. Mat, Tu, Th, S, Ap 21, 2.30.
DALYS. (Closed). THE MAID OF THE MOORAINS. Eric Lewis, Iris Hoey. Mats, Tu, Sat, April 21, at 2.30.
DUKE OF YORKS. Evgs, 8. THE MAN FROM TORONTO. Eric Lewis, Iris Hoey. Mats, Tu, Sat, April 21, at 2.30.
CARRICK. Evgs, 8. Mat, Tues and Sat, 2.30. C. B. Cochran presents Robert Lorraine as Cyrano de Bergerac.
GLOBE. Mats, Thurs, Sat, and Easter Monday, at 2.15. H. Hastings. Mat, Wed, Sat, and Easter Monday, 2.15.
HAYMARKET. Nightly, at 8. "UNCLE SAM." Mat, Wed, Thurs, Sat, and Easter Monday, at 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S. (Closed). CHU CHIN CHOW, Sat, 7.30. Mats, Mon, Wed, Th, Sat, Ap, 22, 2.15.
LONDON PAVILION. C. B. Cochran's "AS YOU WERE." Evgs, 8.20. Mat, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
LYCEUM. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. Gerrard 7617.
LYRIC. DORIS KEANE in "ROMEO AND JULIET." EILEEN FERRY. Evgs, 8. Mats, Weds and Sat, 2.15.
LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH. Evgs, 8. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by John Drinkwater.
MASKELVNE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY. (Closed). Reopen Saturday next at 8 and 9.
NEW. 2.30 and 9. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel Irving, L. Brathwaite, L. M. Lion. Mats, M, Th, Sat, 2.30.
NEW. 5 additional Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. "TIME TO WAKE UP!" Clara Grest, Fisher White.
OXFORD. Evgs, 8.30. "IN THE TOWER." Mudge Tiltshire. Mat, Mon, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
PLAYHOUSE. 2.30 and 8. "THE NAUGHTY WIFE." Clara Hawley, Gladys Cooper. Mats, Mon, Tu, 2.30.
PRINCES. Sat next, at 8. "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE." Andre Messager's Roman. "THE HOUSE OF PERIL." OWEN NARES. Evgs, 8.15. Weds and Sat, 2.30.
ROYALTY. 8.15. Mat, Th, Sat, 2.30. CESAR'S WIFE, by W. S. Maughan. Fay Compton, C. A. Smith, Eva Moore.
ST. JAMES. Gertrude Elliott in "EYE OF THE CAT." Sat next, 2.30 and 8.30. Matinee, Wed, Sat, 2.30.
SCAVY. Last week of "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." Every Evening, 8.15. Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
SALO. MATHESON LANG in "THE PURPLE MASK." Evgs, 8. Mat, Sat, 2.30. "THE HOUSE OF PERIL." SHAFESBURY. "YES, UNCLE!" No Performances till Saturday at 2 and 8. Easter Monday.
STRAND. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. "SCANDAL." Evenings, 8. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, Easter Mon, 2.30.
VAUDEVILLE. "HULLO AMERICA!" "THE HOUSE OF PERIL." Revue, Margaret Bannerman. Mats, Tu, Th, Fri, Sat, 2.30.
WYNDHAM'S. THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE. A Comedy by H. V. Esmond. Nightly, 8.15. Mats, Tues, Weds, Sat, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA. Evgs, 8. Mats, Wed, Th, Sat, Easter Mon, 2.15. Bing Boys on Broadway. Post, Easter Mon, 2.15.
COLISEUM. (Ger. 7541)—2.30, 7.45. Godfrey Tearle and Co. Harry Tate, Florence Smith. Evgs, 8.15. Thurs, Fri, Sat, 2.30.
HIPPONDROME. London—2.30. 8.30. JOY-BELLS! SHIRLEY KELLIGO, GEO ROBEY, etc. Gerr. 650.
PALACE. "HULLO AMERICA!" "THE HOUSE OF PERIL." Evgs, 8.15. Thurs, Fri, Sat, 2.30. Easter Mon, 2.15.
PALLADIUM. 2.30 and 8.30. Geo. Graves and Co. Harry Weldon, Polaski, Hilda Glyder, Ernie and Chester.
PHILHARMONIC HALL. (Ger. 7541)—2.30, 8.15. SCOTTY IN THE ARCTIC.
GRAFTON GALLERIES. W.-R.A.F. Exhibition. "War in the Air." Guards Band. Deed, 10-8. Sun, 2.30-5.50.
NEW GALLERY. Kinema—Mary Pickford in "Johanna the Girl." End Kenneth's "Naughty Naughty," etc.
Æolian Hall. New Bond-st—Today, 7. 8.15. Cinema Lecture: Albany and His Crusaders in Palestine. 6d.
QUEENS (Savoy Hall). Tea Dance. 6d.
Evening Dances. 8 p.m. Evgs Dress (6s. 6d.). Jazz Band.
PICCADILLY. Piccadilly Hotel. This Debut, 2.5-6 p.m. Evening Dances, 9-12 mid. Tues and Fri, 9-2 a.m.



Miss Lydia Bayliff is to dance during the Russian Ballet's Alhambra season.



The Hon. Mrs. Wilfred Egerton, whose husband is Lord Eversham's brother.

THE PREMIER'S SPEECH.

What is the "Anti-Dora Party"?—The Man Who Moulds Budgets.

THE BIG THING politically this week is, of course, Mr. Lloyd George's statement in the House before it adjourns for Easter. Everybody is agog with curiosity to hear the line which the Prime Minister will take. I am told that there has been a good deal of "give-and-take" about the recent negotiations in Paris. Mr. Lloyd George has ever struggled strenuously for British interests.

President?

Several of Mr. Asquith's friends have predicted lately that he is likely to be the first President of the League of Nations. He would be a dignified and eloquent figure for that post. I wonder!

Forty-Eight Hours.

The Government will, I hear, introduce this session a Bill for a compulsory forty-eight-hour week and national minimum wages for all trades.

"Auntie."

What is this I hear of an "Anti-Dora Party"? It is said that certain impatient people are not satisfied with the speed at which war legislation is being "demobbed," and have formed an association to press for the repeal of various sections of D.O.R.A.

Haig for India?

During the week-end I heard a revival of that rumour to which I drew attention some weeks ago—that Sir Douglas Haig might ere long go to India. He is said to be keen.

An Easter Egg.

By accepting the findings of the Sankey Commission the miners get £7,500,000 back pay distributed to them. A nice Easter gift! The advance given them was retrospective from January 9.

To Mend Our Ways.

Over a million pounds sterling a week is now being distributed by the Government in unemployment benefit. Commander Sir E. Nicholl proposes to put such men as are fit for it, and who are getting the benefit, to work on highway improvement.

Countess Back.

I hear that the Countess of Kingston is returning to England after her American trip. She sailed from New York on the 8th.

Secrecy.

Foreign newspaper men, with experience in London and Paris, say it was easier to get into our War Office and Admiralty than it is to pass through the portals of the Hotel Majestic in Paris. The place, they say, is full of detectives and officials.

Financial Secretary.

Here is Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who has much more than many people think to do with the arrangements of the Budget. He is Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and prophets have seen in this alert, efficient, pleasant-spoken man, the terror of the hockler a future Chancellor.

His Aunts.

Some men are remarkable for their sons or fathers. Mr. Baldwin has three noted aunts. One married Sir Edward Burne-Jones, another Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., and the third Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, becoming the mother of the novelist.



Mr. Stanley Baldwin.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

In Hyde Park.

The Park looked—if I may use the slang of the day—"quite pre-war." It was crowded, and I saw the Duke of Rutland, Lady Lockhart and Lady Loder among the solitary promenaders. Sir Arthur Pinero, also alone, was contemplative.

Others Present.

A little group under the trees consisted of Lady Joan Mulholland, Lord and Lady Dufferin and Lord Nigel Hamilton. Lady Swaythling, in black, was walking with the Hon. Stuart Montagu.

Palm Sunday at St. Margaret's.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, I saw Lieutenant-Colonel Parry, M.P., who has just returned from the Far East. A good many other members were at the morning service. Others included Colonel Sir Ivor Phillips, Sir William Raeburn and Admiral Neblack, U.S.N.

On the River.

Yesterday's bright sun brought hundreds of Londoners to the riverside. Richmond has begun to wake from its out-of-season sleep, and boat-hiring was brisk. A cool wind over the water, however, made those who had left wraps at home wish they had been more sensible.

Church-Going K.C.

In the bright sunshine yesterday I caught a glimpse of Sir Ernest Moon, K.C., on his way to church. Sir Ernest is the Speaker's counsel and has a lucrative practice.

Presentation to V.C.'s Mother.

When Lady Byng, at Walton-on-Naze, handed £200 in War Bonds to Mrs. Columbine, mother of the late Private Columbine, V.C., it was as the result of a public subscription in the town. Walton is tremendously proud of its heroic son, who died while holding up a horde of Germans with his single machine gun, and well it may be.

A Courtney Memorial.

I am told that a memorial to the late Lord Courtney of Penwith is to be erected in the garden of Chelsea Old Church—famous for its



Mrs. Charles Goetz, New picture of the Countess, whose husband was captured by the Germans.



Hon. P. C. B. de la Roche, daughter of Queen Victoria.

associations with Sir Thomas More. Lord Courtney himself for many years lived in that riverside district.

A Lover of Peace.

Lord Courtney, it will be remembered, was the subject of much criticism at the time of the Boer war, which he vehemently opposed. He was essentially a peace lover, and at no time did war make a very powerful appeal to his sympathies.

Black Curtains.

In these days of laundry waywardness, articles which require no washing are rapidly gaining popularity. A friend of mine has re-curtained her house in black net. With Oriental borders and coloured tassels the effect is not as gloomy as it sounds.

Expensive Cycles.

One who sells cycles tells me that for another year at least the wheel will be high priced. In fact, there is a possibility that bicycles may become dearer owing to the increased cost of labour and the difficulty of obtaining experienced mechanics. At present the demand for "push-bikes" is ahead of supply.

Prevailing Prices.

As an example of the prevailing prices, a model which cost £4 10s. before the war is now retailed at £13 13s. Moreover, this season's prices show an increase of one-third on last year's figures. Last season's favourite model, which cost twelve guineas, is now sixteen guineas.

The Box-Office.

What is there about theatrical management that makes all our young actresses want to go in for it? Years ago the ambition of the young actress was to play Juliet; now she wants to run a theatre. Miss Dorothy Dix, now playing the lead in "Fair and Warmer," tells me that as soon as she can get the theatre she wants she will put on a season of modern drama.



Miss Dorothy Dix.

Higher.

Meanwhile rents of theatres continue to bound upwards. Competition is keener than ever. Despite the pessimists, the bottom has not dropped out of the theatre boom yet.

At the Lyric.

What a wonderful house there was to welcome "Romeo and Juliet" and Ellen Terry at the Lyric Theatre! I hear that some enthusiasts took up places outside the gallery door before six o'clock on Saturday morning. Who says enthusiasm is dead?

In the Stalls.

Mrs. Kendal had an ovation on entering the stalls. She had a long chat with Mrs. Langtry, who looked as beautiful as ever with a jewelled band across her forehead. Alexander I noticed were Lady Bancroft, Lady Marion Terry.

The Explorer.

Mr. George Robey tells me that for his great Printers' Pension Fund concert on the 27th he has found a printer-baritone who, he believes, will make some of the professionals anxious. Can Mr. Robey now discover a comedian to rival—George Robey?

Records.

Apologies my paragraph regarding the record made by Mr. W. H. Rawlins in never missing a performance for eighteen years, Mr. J. K. Crawford puts forward a bigger claim. He writes to tell me that he has never given his understudy a chance for thirty-eight years.

Over Hero.

Ere long we shall welcome Mr. Raymond Hitchcock to England again. When he lands in London we shall see that he has, after all, some place to go.

Munitions Whisky.

The whisky which has been re-sold to the distillers by the Ministry of Munitions will not reach the thirsty consumer yet. Most of it was made last year, and under the Immature Spirits Act, 1915, it cannot be sold until it has been three years in bond.

Of Theatrical Interest.

Miss Dora Fellowes Robinson's friends in the theatrical world turned up in full force at the Oratory on Saturday to see her married to Captain Lewis Lloyd-Goring, R.E. Nearly the whole cast of "The Eyes of Youth" could be found there, for the bride has been manager to Lady Forbes-Robertson at the St. James' Theatre.

Rosebuds All.

The five little bridesmaids who attended the bride were charming pictures, in their white satin frocks with white veils flowing from wreaths of rosebuds and forget-me-nots. Lady Forbes-Robertson's little daughter (the image of her mother in miniature) was quite the smallest of the party, and was not much bigger than her bouquet.

The "Pub." on the Rhine.

A humorous "Tommy" billeted in a village on the Rhine writes to the *Cologne Post* that he and his fellows call the "Gastwirtschaft" (village tavern) the Gasworks, because it supplies undrinkable fizzy beer and sour wine "that would corrode the interior of an armoured car."

"Chokers."

How uncomfortable from the male point of view the women look in their new "choker" collars and ties! Besides, the demise of these is too recent for the revival to suggest a new vogue. They look merely dowdy and stuffy.

THE RAMBLER.



IS YOUR HAIR GREY?

IF NOT ACTUALLY GREY, IS IT DULL, LIFELESS, UNINTERESTING?

How many women have admired and envied a head of hair radiant with the colour of life and youth, and how sadly may they not have gazed into their mirror afterwards and noted how their own hair was fading and turning grey. No woman should wait placidly while grey hairs multiply—a sure sign that they are "getting on." If only women would take advantage of Hinde's Hair Tint, a valuable toilet preparation prepared by the world-famous inventors of Hinde's Hair Wavers, there would be far less misery over grey or faded hair. Hinde's Hair Tint, the simplest of simple remedies—you simply comb it through "at your own dressing-table. It takes only a few minutes.

Hinde's HAIR TINT
(KNOWN AS SEEGEROL)

Hinde's Hair Tint is the only toilet aid of faded hair without coming off on grey or pillow-cases or anything with which the hair comes into contact. This is obviously a valuable point, for reason which will readily suggest themselves to the minds of careful people. Another important point is the absence of the necessity for having to use Hinde's Hair Tint daily or weekly, or even monthly. One application ensures a natural shade—a washable shade—a permanent shade. It contains no lead, mercury or other corrosive acids such as are used in ordinary hair colourers. It is put up in seven natural shades—dark brown, brown, light brown, black, auburn, golden, blonde. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle.

It costs 2s. 6d. the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct—
HINDE'S Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.
Patentees and Manufacturers of the World Famous Hinde's Wavers.



Your Protection in Hosiery Buying

is in the Medea Tab stitched on every article of this British woven wear. That tab is your guarantee of fine-quality wear and British manufacture. Cheap foreign-made goods flood the market, and you need to be insistent that whenever you buy other-than-all-wool wear insist on seeing

Medea
ALL BRITISH

UNDERWEAR

Stockings, Socks and Gloves for Men, Women & Children.

Your Draper can supply your needs.

The prices of Medea hose marked on the tab of stockings and socks for ladies and men.

Medea "Leader" ...	2/5 per pair
"De Luxe" ...	2/6 ..
"Triumph" ...	2/9 ..
"Excel" ...	3/0 ..
"Ideal" ...	3/3 ..
"Primus" ...	3/6 ..
"Charm" ...	3/9 ..
"Grace" ...	4/0 ..
"Choice" ...	4/3 ..
"Eclipse" ...	4/6 ..

In case of difficulty write to—
W. TYLER, SONS & CO.,
9 King Street, Leicester. 9



OF A GIRL

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Peter Lathom, a young artist, and the son of a wealthy banker, thought it was time he started doing a little work. But he was staying at Heathercote—a quiet country village—just then offered four shillings. So he wandered into a forest, and in the June twilight lay down under a tree. Then suddenly a resolve came to him. He would paint a picture of the Sleeping Beauty. It was the oddest of coincidences that the Sleeping Beauty should appear to him in person just then. There was a caravan in the wood. It had two occupants. One was Miss Joan Harwood, a lady of thirty-six, the other Miss Patricia Chance, a young actress of surpassing beauty, who was holiday-making. A happy accident makes Peter acquainted with the caravans. Peter's susceptible heart is touched. His intimacy with Patricia deepens. More, she consents to be his model for the picture. But the wise Miss Harwood has doubts. Then, one morning, Peter goes to the wood—only to find that the caravan and its occupants have both disappeared.

IN THE STARLIT GARDEN.

"SHE'S gone," the boy whispered to himself with a catch of his breath. He stood staring blankly at the empty path. To have gone like this without a word! What did it mean? What could it mean? When he had parted from Pat and Joan last night he had been no hint of this. Yet whilst he was away from the village that morning they and the caravan had gone. He looked round helplessly, as if searching for an answer to a riddle utterly beyond his power of solving. How empty and forlorn this place seemed now... like the gap suddenly left in his life. From a bramble-bush something white fluttered—a tiny shred of lace caught on one of its thorns. And he remembered how three days ago the brambles had caught and ripped Pat's skirt as she and Peter were playing hide-and-seek. Pat had laughed and said she would henceforth have to go ragged, because their one reel of cotton had contrived to fall into the pickle jar, and the village shop was always out of stock of anything one happened to want in a hurry. In the silence he could hear her laugh now, as vividly as though it were actually in his ears—that pretty low laugh, liquid like the voice of the little gurgling, tumbling stream beyond the wood. His eye was caught by something that lay gleaming near the brambles; it was a gilt hairpin, that could only have belonged to Pat. Peter stooped and picked it up—he hardly knew why—and with an odd tenderness felt the shred of lace from the thorn, picking his finger as he did so. They were like little bits of Pat... but Pat herself was gone. And gone without a word. It was that that hurt him most. A sudden thought struck Peter. There might be a letter waiting for him at the cottage. He planned. He had come straight on here from seeing his brother Tom, merely slipping his bicycle into its shed without going into his room. That thought sent him quickly back. But it was a short-lived hope. There was no letter. Peter's restless mood drove him out of doors again. He strode aimlessly down the village street, feeling utterly miserable, trying to beat out in his mind what this inexplicable thing meant, and always brought up as if against a blank wall. The children were coming out of school. One of them stopped in the sight of Peter, then came up to him. From his pocket he extracted a crumpled letter. "The lady of the caravan—she said I was to give you this." Peter almost snatched the letter. Not from Pat; it was addressed in Joan's bold, masculine hand. "When did she give you this, Dickie?" he demanded. The boy looked sheepishly guilty, and had to admit that Miss Harwood had given it to him that morning. He was to have taken it to Mrs. Timson's cottage when he came out of school, only he had forgone the letter until now.

This was the letter: "Dear Peter, I hope you won't think we have treated you very badly. There are reasons why, unexpectedly, we have to leave Heathercote this morning. Pat and I are both sorry to run away without saying good-bye after our pleasant friendship. I shall hope to see you when you return to London, of course. I am attributing this in haste and will write again.—JOAN HARWOOD." As he read his mouth hardened. The letter itself hurt him. It was better than if, as he had first believed, they had gone away in indifferent silence—but it explained nothing. And surely he had a right to some explanation. There was something behind it all that he could not understand—he was sure of that—but the letter was final. He could probably have found out by inquiring in the village which road the caravan had taken. Jogging along leisurely, drawn by the old white horse that had been out for a number of years, it couldn't have got very far—not so far that he might not have overtaken it on his bicycle. But his pride forbade that. Joan had deliberately withheld any hint of their movements in her letter. "How could you, Pat?" the boy whispered again.

He found himself wondering if that letter Pat had received by last night's post could have had anything to do with their abrupt departure. It had struck him at the time that she

seemed worried as she read it. The whole perplexing mystery was beyond him.

It was the longest afternoon Peter had ever spent in his life. When at last he returned to the cottage dinner had been waiting him nearly half an hour. The boy could hardly make even a pretence of eating. He flung himself moodily into a chair, biting on the stem of an empty pipe, lost in bitter thought.

An instant he made him the room and take up his almost finished painting. How like Pat it was!... She had been an inspiration to him. He had never painted anything that was half so good. He had caught her trick of expression, the light in her eyes, the smile on her lips.

The pictured face smiled in his from the canvas, bringing a troop of memories to stir anew the imprisoned pain in his heart. In Kevan's name, why had Pat done this—treated their friendship as though it was so light a thing that she could end it at will with this seeming indifference? He gave a sudden hard laugh.

"I couldn't have believed it of you, Pat," he said. And yet it was so unlike Pat deliberately to hurt anyone or anything. "What was he to think? It was beyond him."

Slowly the daylight waned as he sat there with his thoughts, his mind still beating vainly against that blank wall. The soft summer twilight began to draw its curtains across the sky, and the shadows crept out of the corners of the room.

Presently Mrs. Timson brought in a lighted lamp.

"Thanks, but I shan't want it," Peter said. "I'm in the way."

Half-unconsciously, his footsteps took him to the old walled garden, where he had painted her, a place of memories bitter-sweet. Somehow, even now, he couldn't bring himself to be angry with Pat. Angry with circumstances perhaps, but because he loved her and would always love her, he would not judge her unkindly.

Why there could be some explanation... He made his way into the tangled wilderness within the high enclosing wall.

The moon had not yet risen, but the deep violet of the sky was agitated with a myriad stars, their light reflecting in the sleeping garden half-revealed and half-imagined, dim silver and deep ebony shadows. Through the fragrant dusk the starry jasmine gleamed; pale moths flitted past him like woodland ghosts.

Almost instinctively he walked to the corner of the garden where the red and yellow roses ran riot, and the old cracked dragon had watched them as he painted her... That had been Pat's favourite spot.

A moss-grown wall of crumbling red brick shut off the rose garden; on the top long flowering grasses and flaunting snapdragons stirred restlessly to every breath of wind. The arched door in the wall hung back on broken hinges.

He passed through, down the three wide stone steps. Before him in the pool in its old cracked marble basin the stars were swimming... They were like an image of his own desire, seemingly near that it was as if one had only to put out one's hand to grasp—and yet so far away. And then the boy stopped dead, staring with startled, half-incredulous eyes, and a little, eager cry broke from him as he ran forward: "Pat!"

THE GOLDEN MOMENT.

SHE was standing there, like a white ghost in the dusk, supporting herself by the dragon.

A letter lay on the flagstones at her feet. And somehow Peter knew that his name would be on that envelope—knew that she had come to post it here, where they had so often posted notes to each other, in the mouth of the dragon. And his heart seemed to give a sudden leap, a fierce,aching throb of longing.

Her face was colourless and, as he saw, drawn as if with pain. Eagerly he ran up to her side, all his doubts and troubles swallowed up in a moment in a swift anxiety for her.

"Pat, what is it?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I—I slipped on the stones here. I think I have hurt my ankle a little—I can't stand on it," she faltered.

She was searching his face as she spoke; her first glimpse of it in the starlight had shown her the look of pain in Peter's eyes, his face as she had never seen it before. Her own face was troubled; her eyes were like swimming stars in the dusk.

There was a stone seat near. Very gently he half-supported, half-enclosed her to it.

"Peter," she broke out impulsively, "I—felt a beast... I couldn't leave you like that. I came back to-night to post a letter to you, here in the dragon's mouth, because I—she seemed to check herself—"I thought you might look here, and I knew you wouldn't carry that letter unopened," with a little tremulous smile on her face that was like the ghost of the old gay laugh.

"And then—you were going away without seeing me?" he said.

There was a little catch in her breath as she spoke.

"Oh, Peter, you—but you don't understand. You don't think that we wanted to hurt you, Joan and I—that we didn't hate above everything that we had to hurt you? Only you don't understand, of course—and I can't tell you."

He looked at her in silence for a moment. He didn't understand... except this, that he couldn't let her go again, if there was any power in him that would grasp and hold her. She was the beginning and end of life and all that made life worth while for him.

"Pat, were you running away—from me?" A moment's silence. Then:

"Yes, but—I've come back."

She spoke deliberately—recklessly. She had meant to go away as she had come, after posting her letter, without seeing him. Because she

knew, what he could not know, of barriers that rose like a wall of stone between them. But now—ah, now she knew she could not go back, run away from him again. Who shall understand the mystery of a woman's heart? Those barriers... She would forget that there were barriers. Her eyes were wide and dark, and her lips parted as if waiting...

And then Peter understood—understood at least that the star that had seemed so far away... he had only to reach out his hand now.

"Pat," he whispered—"Pat, does it mean that you—that you—"

But her eyes answered him before the words were finished.

She heard herself give a little glad cry of content that came from somewhere deep down in her, as almost fiercely his arms closed about her and drew her to him.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!"

THE GATE OF DREAMS.

AS the boy's arms closed about her, straining the slender form to him with a passion of tenderness—close to his heart, as though he would never let her go now that he had found her again—it was as though time stood still for them, to hang waiting on that one enchanted moment that all their lives after they would remember.

The breath of the nodding roses hung everywhere about them; a faint wind soft with summer touched their faces—a wind that seemed to whisper of the far-off sea from which it had wandered. The glamour of the starlit night, with its mystery and silence, the scent of the roses, the plash of the cracked fountain coming faintly through the broken darkness—all seemed to weave a spell of magic about them, as if shutting them in together in a dream world.

There was a moment's breathless pause, broken only by the sleepy sounds of the night. Nothing seemed quite real. It was almost as if this were an enchanted garden in a world of make-believe, and they two stood together at the shining gate of dreams... only those dreams were real—dreams that would come true to them.

The boy knew that, as his eyes rested on the proud, beautiful face nestling so near his own.

All his life he had been waiting for her—her only—his love, whom for a little while he had lost and had found again. Through the night and the silence she had come, bringing him that most wonderful gift of all—the gift of herself.

"Peter!"

Something that was half a sob and half a laugh of exquisite tenderness broke across Pat's voice as she whispered his name, scarcely above her breath, as if she almost feared to

break the spell. And there were swimming lights in the violet dark of her eyes, shining eyes that were suddenly a-brim... because joy and sorrow, beneath their differing faces, are twin-sisters; and, like its grey-robed sister, a supreme joy, as every woman knows, can be strangely close to tears.

The pain she was suffering—she was hardly conscious of it now, though she could not have put her ankle to the ground. It was forgotten, or felt only subconsciously in the exquisite happiness that thrilled her.

"It's so wonderful that you should care for me," the boy was saying.

Her little glad laugh was like the sound of the plash of the water of the fountains falling into the pool. "You foolish Peter—isn't it as wonderful for me that you should want me?" she asked, stirring happily in his arms.

The movement brought a recurring stabbing pain to her ankle. But she didn't care. It was only like something by which she could measure the depth of her new joy.

"Oh, I've cared for you from the first moment when I found you, like Sleeping Beauty in the enchanted wood," he said, his arm tightening round her. "My princess, who came into my life straight out of a fairy story—"

"But you didn't waken her, as the fairy prince would have done—with a kiss," she told him softly.

The tender, wistful face, half upturned, was very near to his, her eyes like starry pools in the dim light. And his head bent lower, lower, until his lips found hers.

Her hair, wind-ruffled, brushed his face, sending a tingling thrill through him. He kissed a little while curli, soft like spun silk, that had blown across her cheek.

"Sweetheart," he said, his voice not quite steady, shaken by a tumult of feeling, "why, I feel as if someone had made me a present of all the world!"

It might be that the guardian dragon, grown old and very wise with years, that had watched generations of lovers perhaps in this old garden, and had heard those other lovers' foolish talk, smiled behind his stone mask, knowing that it was only what every lover in the world had said and felt...

But the boy did not know that, nor the girl who listened; they only knew that it was true.

And to youth and lovers these old eternal truths are always new... as this old world itself is always new to lovers.

There will be another fine instalment of this fascinating story to-morrow.



Patricia Chance.

OUT TO-DAY

NO. 2 OF THE FAVOURITE COMIC

NEW

Merry Moments

THE NEW COLOURED PICTURE PAPER FOR THE LITTLE ONES

FUNNY WITHOUT BEING VULGAR

FULL OF JUST THE KIND OF PICTURES AND STORIES THE YOUNGSTERS DELIGHT IN

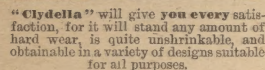
Splendid cut-out TOY MODEL each week.

On sale everywhere.

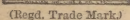
Three-halfpence.

(Reg^d)

"Clydella" is ideal wear for the children.



31 inches wide, **3/3** per yard.



If any difficulty in obtaining, please write WM. HOLLINS & CO., Ltd. (Dept. 70a), Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1, Manufacturers of the celebrated "Viyella" and "AZA" Cloths and Garments.

53, Duke Street, Oxford Street, London, W.
(Opp. Selfridge's).

Harriers), A. Rees (Maesteg), W. Morris (Abertillery) and T. Parker (Swansea).

WIFE OF SHOT DESERTER.

Daily Mirror

Monday, April 14, 1910.

A FATHERLESS BABY.



SAVAGE BEFORE HE JOINED.



Mrs. Savage and one of her children.

These are the first photographs to be published of Private Savage, his wife and two of his little children. The baby he never saw. Private Savage, it will be remembered, was fatally shot while trying to escape from escort in one of the mean streets near Waterloo

Private Savage when a civilian.

Station. He was a deserter, and made a dash for liberty while handcuffed to another prisoner. The bullet entered his lung, and he was taken to a hospital, where he died shortly afterwards.—(Daily Mirror exclusive photographs.)

The baby he never saw.



A TRANSATLANTIC COMPETITOR.—This photograph of the huge Handley-Page aeroplane was taken on Saturday, when the machine made its last trial flight in England. Its size can be gauged by comparing it with the man on the ladder.



UNUSUAL EVENT AT SPORTS.—The Maori Haka, or war dance, which was executed at the sports meeting organised by the New Zealanders at Birmingham.



AT TWICKENHAM.—A South African gets in his kick in the match against the Mother Country.



AT RICHMOND.—Open play in the Public Schools South v. North match. There was an exciting finish.